Table of Contents

1. ALLEGIANCES
2. Prologue
3. Chapter 1
4. Chapter 2
5. Chapter 3

ALLEGIANCES

[image]

RIVERCLAN

LEADER - Vinestar - pale brown tom with extremely long tail and green eyes.

DEPUTY - Fawnfeather - dark brown tabby she-cat with white paws and underbelly and amber eyes. Sister of Reedflight. Mentor of Shadepaw.

MEDICINE CAT - Reedflight - young, handsome grey-and-black tom with amber eyes. Brother of Fawnfeather.

MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE - Quailpaw - dark grey she-cat with blue eyes.

WARRIORS -
Beavertail - dark brown tom with a striped tail and yellow eyes. Brother of Grasspelt and Redpelt.
Ivyfur - silver and white tabby she-cat with green eyes. Sister of Frostwhisker.
Redpelt - light ginger tabby tom with blue eyes. Brother of Grasspelt and Beavertail.
Crowwing - black tom with amber eyes. Mentor of Applepaw.
Breezeheart - dark grey she-cat with darker dappling and blue eyes.
Brackenfrond - golden tabby she-cat with amber eyes. Mentor of Mumblepaw.
Galestorm - light grey tom with white tail tip and ear tips with amber eyes.
Kestrelflower - brown and grey tabby she-cat with light green eyes.
Fleetstep - fleet white tom with yellow eyes and long legs.
Pikeclaw - dark grey tabby tom with blue eyes.
Frostwhisker - white-and-gray tabby tom with green eyes. Brother of Ivyfur.
Grasspelt - brown tom with blue eyes. Brother of Beavertail and Redpelt.

Antfoot - dark grey tom with darker grey paws and yellow eyes.
Furzetuft - golden tabby tom with an awry pelt and amber eyes.
Duskheart - dusky brown tom flecked with darker brown. Has white paws and blue eyes.

QUEENS -
Juniperpool - orange-and-white she-cat with green eyes.

APPRENTICES -
Mumblepaw - black tabby tom with amber eyes and a tendency to mumble his words.
Applepaw - creamy mottled she-cat with yellow eyes.
Shadepaw - handsome silver-and-black tom with amber eyes.

KITS -
Sedgekit - black-and-white tom with blue eyes. Brother of Fadekit.
Fadekit - black spotted she-cat with green eyes. Sister of Sedgekit.

ELDERS -
Turtletail - calico she-cat with yellow eyes who had most of her tail bitten off by a snapping turtle; newly made elder.
Eelfur - black tom with messy fur and green eyes.

SHADOWCLAN

LEADER - Nutstar - long-furred brown she-cat with green eyes.

DEPUTY - Sorrelstripe - good-humored tortoiseshell she-cat with a definite dark brown stripe down her spine and blue eyes.

MEDICINE CAT - Snowfeather - elderly light gray she-cat with yellow eyes.

MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE - none

WARRIORS -
Vole-eye - ginger tom with only one eye; has grey eye. Mentor of Ratpaw.
Barkfur - dark brown tabby tom with white flecks and blue eyes.
Poppyfall - tortoiseshell she-cat with white paws and amber eyes.
Jumpfoot - light brown tom with yellow eyes. Mentor of Whitepaw.

QUEENS -
Pooldrop - white tabby she-cat with blue eyes.

APPRENTICES -
Whitepaw - light gray, nearly white, tom with yellow eyes. Brother of Ratpaw.
Ratpaw - dark ginger tom with long claws and yellow eyes. Brother of Whitepaw.

KITS -
Fallowkit - gray she-cat with white front left paw and white tail tip; has blue eyes. Sister of Sparkkit.
Sparkkit - yellow-tan tabby she-cat with blue eyes. Sister of Fallowkit.

ELDERS -
Berryfur - very old mottled tom with yellow eyes; cranky.

THUNDERCLAN

LEADER - Heatherstar - light grey she-cat with darker grey patches and blue, almost purple, eyes.

DEPUTY - Adderflight - mottled brown and lighter brown tabby tom with green eyes. Mentor of Dawnpaw.

MEDICINE CAT - Mousepelt - brown she-cat with amber eyes and one white paw.

MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE - none

WARRIORS -
Leaftail - white and brown tabby tom with green eyes.
Willowheart - silvery-gray she-cat with spotted markings and blue eyes; half-RiverClan. Mentor of Runningpaw.
Vixenstep - orange she-cat with white paws and yellow eyes.
Sunstorm - yellow-orange tabby tom with blue eyes.
Coldsnout - dark grey tom with white muzzle and yellow eyes.

QUEENS -
Twistedfoot - white-and-brown she-cat with a twisted hind paw and green eyes.

APPRENTICES -
Dawnpaw - creamy brown tabby she-cat with blue eyes.
Runningpaw - slim white tom with amber eyes.

KITS -
None currently.

ELDERS -
Halftail - very elderly, frail light grey tom with a stub tail and milky blue eyes.

WINDCLAN

LEADER - Gorsestar - grey-and-darker-grey she-cat with orange streaks and green eyes. Mentor of Lynxpaw.

DEPUTY - Duckfeather - dark brown tom with white paws and tail tip with yellow eyes.

MEDICINE CAT - Kinkear - tortoiseshell she-cat with a floppy left ear and amber eyes.

MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE - Acornheart - light brown tabby tom with blue eyes.

WARRIORS -
Sandstreak - light brown she-cat with sandy-colored streaks and yellow eyes.
Webclaw - dark ginger tom with webbed paws and blue eyes.
Sparrowfur - light brown tabby tom with darker brown flecks and green eyes.

QUEENS -
Littlewing - black tabby she-cat with blue eyes; very small and slight.

APPRENTICES -
Lynxpaw - handsome dark grey tom with darker patches and flecks and amber eyes.

KITS -
None, currently.

ELDERS -
Burlap - silver tabby she-cat with long, silky fur and amber eyes. She was a loner before joining WindClan, and chose to keep the name her mother gave her.
Rabbitleap - white tom with grey paws and tail-tip and amber eyes.

Prologue

[image]

A gray she-cat hissed at a smaller tabby tom with unusually large front teeth, "Bring her to me!" The tom fearfully nodded and rushed away into the dark, murky forest.

The forest was a place of mystery and darkness. No light would ever penetrate the canopy of leaves that covered this place in gloom. This was the Place of No Stars.

The tom came back with a kit dangling in his jaws. The kit was not mewling or crying, just silent-unnaturally silent.

"So this is the future of the clans?" The she-cat inspected the kit with distaste. "She'll have to do," she flicked her tail. "She will do well. Especially with our... guidance." She purred.

"What are you going to do with her, Cinder?" The tom asked worriedly, dropping the kit.

"What do you think, mousebrain?" Cinder snapped, her green eyes flashing in the darkness. "We'll send this pathetic ball of fur to the Clans. where she will destroy them. From the inside out," she growled as she smiled in a wicked, half-insane way.

"How will you get her to that?" The tom's eyes widened.

"With our influence, of course, Ratface," she hissed.

"M-Mouseface..." he whimpered.

"I can call you whatever I want!" She snarled, her claws unsheathing. "Now send her to the Clan. The most innocent one, RiverClan," she flicked her tail and walked away, her ash-colored fur melting into the shadows of the Dark Forest.

Chapter 1

[image]

Darkness. Endless, soul-consuming darkness all around. What was this place?
And, for another matter, who was she? Was she even a she? Yes; she was certain of that. But who was she?
Memories fluttered out of her grasp like a bird that was just a bit too high for her to reach. A bird? An image of a small, light-weight starling flashed through her mind, replaced by the image of a strong, ferocious hawk.
Not all things are the same. Not all things small are weak, she thought distantly.
It was peaceful here. Nothing mattered. Everything was meaningless in the inky darkness. The darkness never changed, never gave her the indication of any time passing.
A sudden realization hit her-wherever she was, it was wet. Wetness, she recalled, was the feeling when water lapped at your fur, and surrounded you in its icy depths.
This didn't concern her. She had the feeling that she rather enjoyed water. The way it closed over your paws, soothed the pads. The way it buoyed you up, as though you were floating on a breeze. The peaceful calm that came when the water rushed over your head as you dove under the water.
The cat wasn't sure how she knew these things, but the images, the impressions, seemed ingrained on her brain.
Brains, she recalled, processed thoughts and memories, held instinct and emotion complexes.
Unlike before, however, these words made little sense to her, though she knew them.
Another thought hit her sluggish brain-she couldn't breathe.
But what was breath? The thing that happened when you sucked in air and it expanded in your lungs? The thing that carried oxygen through your vines and blood and made your heart beat?
She knew all these words, and systems, and feelings, yet she didn't know how she knew them, and she couldn't understand them all.
The precious memories remained out of reach, fluttering ever

upwards into the darkness.
The memories stood out like fireflies on the night of a new moon; they shown brightly in the dark, and could not be held and captured, no matter how hard she tried.
The memories soon vanished from her limited view. She wasn't worried, though. She knew they would come back when she needed them, that they wouldn't vanish forever.
She couldn't breathe, but this still held no worries for her. Time moved slowly, so slowly, in the dark. Peace and quiet reigned, and none disturbed her. Why should she be worried over a little thing like breath?
A last realization hit her, this one jolting her into action.
Here, it was cold. She hadn't noticed before, but now it became apparent.
The cold snaked through her fur like it was nothing, and sunk into her skin. Shivers raked her body as the deep chill seemed to sink into the very marrow of her bones.
She kicked out, struggling towards the light that glimmered unbearably far ahead.
Time seemed to have sped up. Breathing suddenly became a top priority, oddly enough.
Her lungs began to swell to bursting as her jaws sprang open in a desperate attempt to get air to her oxygen-deprived body. Water immediately rushed into her mouth and she choked, forcing her jaws closed.
She suddenly felt strong jaws grasp her scruff and begin to drag her towards the light. Towards the glimmering yellow rays that danced tantalizingly just beyond the vail of water.
Up they went, but she became lost in her own troubled thoughts.
What was up, but down? And down, but up? she wondered briefly.

Light dazzled her as she and her rescuer broke the surface.
She began paddling her paws, following some instinct that she couldn't place.
"Stop struggling!" Came the brisk, slightly-muffled voice of her rescuer.
She stilled her paws with an effort. Though weak, she couldn't bear to rely fully on this cat whom she didn't know.
She and the strange cat moved slowly through the water. A high bank rose above them suddenly, though it was blurry as her eyes

were filled either water.
Her rescuer suddenly tossed her through the air, up into the bank.
For a moment, she enjoyed soaring through the air. She felt light and free after the compression of the dark water.
She enjoyed it until, that is, she hit the shore with a dull *thump!,* and began coughing up water.
She choked, and heaved, and gasped as water spilled out for her jaws.
It seemed to go on forever, the rushing and gushing and the inability to breathe. Finally, however, it was over.
Gentle yet firm massaged her chest, forcing the remainder of the water out.
Her throat felt ragged and sore, completely raw from heaving up water for what felt like seasons.
As her fur began to dry, she again became aware of the cold.
Getting out of the water had not eliminated the chill from her bones, it seemed.
Darkness rushed up behind her eyes again, and she could feel the temptation to just sink into it.
The young cat had no energy to resist. The darkness held warmth and safety from conscious thought.
She went gladly into its dark embrace, and released her consciousness as she felt her small, limp body raised into the air and carried away.

Chapter 2

Her eyelids fluttered as her consciousness started to take control again. She looked forward, but darkness was still at the edge of her vision. Anything that wasn't darkness was blurry, as if she was looking through rippling water.
"Huh?" She heard a voice, and it seemed distant. "She's awake!" A young tom's voice yelled, surprised.
She blinked again and the darkness cleared, but a bit of haze remained. *Where am I?* She wondered, looking around at her new surroundings.
She was in a sort of den unserneath the roots of a tree. There was a strong smell of pungent herbs and faint whiffs of sickness, long forgotten. There were leaves, seeds, and herbs tucked into every nook and cranny around, with cobwebs hanging in one corner.
"Hey, uh, are you okay?" She heard the tom's voice again. The owner of the voice suddenly was beside her, a handsome gray and black tom with warm amber eyes.
"I... think?" She spoke, the voice that came out of her jaws surprising her. It was shrill and tinny; voice of a very young cat. A kit, even.
"That's good. What's your name?" He asked while poking, prodding, and inspecting her thoroughly.
"N-name?" She said, her voice wavering slightly. *A name?* My *name? I don't remember... What's in a name, anyway?* She wondered to herself. The memories still came drifting back, only to flutter out of reach once she tried to pin them.
"Yes, you're... Oh," his eyes widened with realization. "You don't have a name, do you?"
She looked down, surprised to find two paws in front of her. They were an orange tabby's paws. She willed them to move and they did. They were apparently *her* paws. *How strange,* she thought. *I don't even know what I look like.*
"Well," the tom shifted awkwardly. "I'm Reedflight. Let's go to Vinestar and see what to do with you..." He picked the she-kit up by her scruff and lumbered awkwardly to the leader's den.

Chapter 3

[image]

The nameless cat looked up and nodded. "I don't have a name," she clarified.
Avoiding the gaze of the young tom, she took a look at the place she has woken up in.

It was a large, expansive thorn bush woven so tightly that only glimmers of sunlight dared to peak through.
The thorns themselves were on the outside of the bush, leaving the den a save and well-protected place.
The bush overhung a small stream which formed a small pool near the back of the den where it had worn the bank away.
Neat bundles of leaves, seeds, stalks, and petals lined the walls of the bush.
A fragrant scent filled the air, undertoned by more bitter scents.
Sunlight shone through the small gap to the right of the bush, and the dirt around the entrance was well-trodden, signifying that it was used quite frequently.
Several moss-and-reed nests filled the large bush, though most of them were coated in a layer of dust and looked like they hadn't been used in moons.
Two of them, near the side of the den where she was, were obviously used. They had indentions the sizes of cats and had a strong scent of cat and...fish? yes, it was fish.
Overall, the den gave off a calm and peaceful feeling.

"Are you alright?" The tom inquired again, staring down at her with concerned amber eyes.
She looked away and nodded, feeling her pelt grow warm. "Yes, I'm fine."
Suddenly, a small, dark-grey bundle burst into the den.
"Is she awake?" The young she-cat demanded, her blue eyes bright and energetic.
The tom seemed to be stifling a purr as he turned to look at the other cat. "Why don't you see for yourself, Quailpaw?" He mewed,

gesturing to the nameless kit with his tail.

The cat, whom she now knew was named Quailpaw (and whose name she was secretly pondering), jumped forward.
"Hello!" She chirped. "What's your name? Why were you in the river? Do you feel alright?"
Feeling slightly overwhelmed by the rush of questions, she could only blink and stare at the fireball of energy.
"Quailpaw! Don't overwhelm her," the tom scolded. "She's only just woke up."
"Sorry, Reedflight," Quailpaw muttered, though she didn't look very sorry at all.
"So are you going to answer my questions?" She demanded, turning back to the kit.
"Erm, I don't have one, I don't know, and I'm a little sore," she admitted in her tinny, rusty voice, hoping she didn't sound like she was whining.
"You'll probably feel sore for a few days," the handsome tom, Reedflight, apparently, explained, suddenly brisk and professional. "You got tossed around quite a bit before I managed to save you."
"You saved me?" She asked, quite surprised both at his sudden change in personality and the fact that he had been the one to save her.
"Sure did," he smiled slightly. "I was out gathering watermint," he pointed to a small, slightly damp pile of leaves that were drying in the sunlight by the entrance to the den, "when I saw a flash of orange in the water. I looked down, and realized it was a cat. A kit, no less.
"Anyway, I dove in and swam down to get you. By the time I dragged you to the shore you were unconscious. From the shock and hypothermia, we weren't sure you would survive, but here you are," he said cheerfully, his tail waving happily.

"Oh. Well, thank you," she muttered quietly, looking back down at her paws. They were fiery orange, and marked by paler markings. Taking a look at the rest of her pelt, she realized it was the same way. She also realized how small she was compared to Reedflight and even Quailpaw.
"Oh, I almost forgot!" Quailpaw exclaimed. "If she was well enough to walk, Vinestar wanted to see her," the young cat explained to

Reedflight as though she wasn't even there.
"Can you walk?" Reedflight asked her, gently nudging her to her paws.
"Of course I can!" She mewed indignantly. Rising to her paws, she took a trembly step forward. Her legs were sore and her muscles ache, and they had wasted away from days of misuse.
"How long have I been in here?" She asked the two.
"Hmm, a few suns. Now, you need to go see Vinestar, if you feel up to it," he replied.
"Who's Vinestar?" She asked, blinking in confusion.
"He's our leader," Quailpaw jumped in. "Now come on, lazy bones!" The grey she-cat mewed with excitement, nearly bouncing out of the den.

She followed the excited cat on unsteady paws, though she grew more confident as she headed out of the den.
Sunlight burst into her vision, dazzling her for several heartbeats. Blinking rapidly, her vision cleared and she was shocked at the scene that unfolded before her eyes.
Cats, more cats than she had ever seen in her life (though she couldn't remember seeing any others), were doing various things in the large clearing.

The camp was shaped like a triangle, and was surrounded on all sides by a steam.
The clearing was hard-packed with lush grass patches. A few small willow trees clung to the edges of the banks.
Bushes clumped the shore, and were obviously more dens.
A few of the smaller dens were woven by thick tendrils of bramble while most others were made by densely layered reeds and moss.
A sizable pile of prey took up a central point in the clearing. It was mostly comprised of various types of fish, though the occasional mouse or small bird poked through.

The cats seemed to be doing completely random things, though they all moved with purpose.
A pair of young toms rolled around outside of a reed den, play-fighting with each other.
A group of cats followed a tall brown-and-white tabby she-cat out of the camp just as another, smaller group came in, fish clamped in

their jaws.
Still other cats lounged around grooming each other's fur or eating prey.
One cat was even expertly weaving reeds into a circle that was starting to look like a nest.

One by one, the cats started to take notice of her until all of the cats in the clearing where staring at her.
She looked awkwardly down at her paws as her pelt grew warm; she hated being the center of attention.
"Hey! Come on!" Quailpaw called, breaking the silence. The dark grey she-cat seemed oblivious to both her discomfort and the states of the other cat.
Following Quailpaw, she could see that she was being led to a small bramble bush den off to the side of the clearing. A willow tree overhung it, and she brushed through the low-hanging tendrils as the two cats approached the den.

Quailpaw called a general greeting into the den and a deep voice answered. "You can go in now," she explained, gesturing to the den.
"You're not coming, too?" The orange tabby asked in surprise.
"No. He wants to talk to you alone," she explained. "I'll wait out here for you," she grinned.
"O-okay," she stammered, then stumbled into the den.

A sudden gloom settled over her vision and it took her a heartbeat to adjust.
Looking around, she saw that it was a simple den with a sandy floor and a high roof.
In the back, a large pale brown tom sat in a comfortable-looking nest.
His emerald eyes gleamed in the half-light and an extremely long tail wound around his paws.
I guess that's why his name is 'vine', she thought while observing him.
His powerful shoulders rippled with muscles, and his pelt was thick and sleek. Scars lined his pelt, though most were old and faded. His tail was particularly scarred. It was probably an easy target in battle.
One new scar stretched across the bridge of his nose, and looked rather raw.

"Hello, little kit," Vinestar meowed. His voice was deep but smooth, and something in it made her relax.
"H-hello," she murmured quietly.
Following an instinct she couldn't quite place, she dipped her head in what she could feel was a respectful gesture.
Looking a little surprised, the large tom gave an acknowledging nod. "You're an odd one, no denying that," he mewed humorously.
"Now, I heard that you have no name?" She nodded in confirmation.
"And you have no memory of anything before the river?" Again, she nodded that he was correct.
"Well, little one, it seems you have no place to go, nor any family to take care of you."
She stared down at her paws, certain that he was about to inform her that she had to leave.
"How would you like to stay here?" The tom asked.
Astonished, she stared at him with her jaw gaping open.
"Really? You'll let me stay?!"
"Of course, little one," Vinestar chuckled. "RiverClan doesn't throw kits out to fend for themselves."
"What's RiverClan?"
"RiverClan is us." Seeing her obvious confusion, he elaborated. "RiverClan is one of the four Clans that live around here."
"Oh." Came her simple response.
"It will be explained more later," Vinestar promised, still looking amused. "For now, you need a name."

He studied her intently for a few heartbeats, making her feel quite uncomfortable under his scrutiny.
"Your pelt shines like the sun, even in the darkness of this den. A light in the darkness, yes," he mused to himself, still staring at her. "How do you feel about the name Sun? Or, rather, Sunkit?" He asked.
"Sunkit." She spoke, trying out the name herself.
That sounds right, she thought.
Sunkit stared at Vinestar, blue eyes glimmering. "I like that."
"Good," he smiled, rising to his paws. It was only then that she was able to appreciate the huge size of the tom. He towered over her, a commanding, dominating presence that demanded your respect.
"Come, young Sunkit. It is time for you to meet the Clan."
She followed him out of the den and into the dazzling sunlight.

Vinestar crossed the clearing in a few bounds and jumped onto a large tree trunk that stood near his den; she hadn't even noticed it before.
"All cats old enough to swim join beneath the trunk for a Clan meeting." His voice thundered out.
Immediately, cats all around the clearing stopped what they were doing and padded over, settling around the trunk.
Reedflight and Quailpaw emerged from their den and took up a prime position near the base of the trunk.
"The kit that Reedflight rescued from the river has awoken. This young kit has no memory of her past. She has survived against all odds and I have decided that we will welcome her to RiverClan."
Gesturing for her to come forward, Vinestar jumped down from the trunk.
"Welcome to RiverClan, Sunkit," he called as he rested his large head on her tiny one.
A ray of sunlight lit up her pelt as Vinestar stepped back and let her face the Clan alone.

Sunkit, she thought. *I am Sunkit.*